Dem. Relent ſweete *Hermia*, and *Lyſander*, yeeld
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.
Lyſ. You haue her Fathers loue, *Demetrius*:
Let me haue *Hermias*: do you marry him.
Egeus. Scornfull *Lyſander*, true, he hath my Loue;
And what is mine, my loue ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my right of her
I do eſtate vnto *Demetrius*.
Lyſan. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,
As well poſſeſt: my loue is more then his:
My fortunes euery way as fairely ranckt
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all theſe boaſts can be)
I am belou'd of beautious *Hermia*.
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his head,
Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her ſoule: and ſhe (ſweete Lady) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.
The. I muſt confeſſe, that I haue heard ſo much,
And with *Demetrius*, thought to haue ſpoke thereof;
But being ouer full of ſelfe-affaires,
My minde did loſe it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you ſhall go with me,
I haue ſome priuate ſchooling for you both.
For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your ſelfe,
To fit your fancies to your fathers will;
Or elſe the Law of *Athens* yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.
Come my *Hippolita*; what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and *Egeus* goe along:
I muſt imploy you in ſome buſineſſe
Againſt our nuptiall, and conferre with you

Of

Of ſomething, neerely that concernes your ſelues.
Ege. With duty and deſire, we follow you. *Exeunt.*
Lyſ. How now my loue? Why is your cheeke ſo pale?
How chance the roſes there do fade ſo faſt?
Her. Belike for want of raine; which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempeſt of my eyes.
Lyſ. Eigh me; for ought that I could euer reade,
Could euer heare by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true loue neuer did runne ſmoothe,
But either it was different in bloud;
Her. O croſſe! too high to be inthrald to loue.
Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of yeares;
Her. O ſpight! too olde to be ingag'd to yong.
Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood vpon the choiſe of friends;
Her. O hell, to chooſe loue by anothers eyes.
Lyſ. Or, if there were a ſimpathy in choiſe,
Warre, death, or ſickneſſe, did lay ſiedge to it;
Making it momentany, as a ſound;
Swift as a ſhadow; ſhort as any dreame;
Briefe as the lightening in the collied night,
That (in a ſpleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth;
And ere a man hath power to ſay, behold,
The iawes of darkneſſe do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confuſion.
Her. If then true Louers haue bin euer croſt,
It ſtands as an edict in deſtiny:
Then let vs teach our triall patience,
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſſe,
As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and ſighes,
Wiſhes and teares; poore Fancies followers.
Lyſ. A good perſwaſion: therefore heare me, *Hermia*:
I haue a widow Ant, a dowager,
Of great reuenew, and ſhe hath no childe,
From *Athens* is her houſe remote ſeuen leagues,
And ſhe reſpects me, as her onely ſonne:

There,